

# The Middletown Transcript.

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NO. 34.

**This Invitation**  
Is  
**From Wanamaker**  
On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the Grand Depot well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful Picture Gallery, to which admittance is free.

The Pneumatic Tubes carrying the money through the air, and the Electric-Light Machinery, are also worth seeing.

There is a **Lunch-Room** in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in Ladies' Waiting Room.

Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.

NOTE.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

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Rare advantages in Climate, Location, Means of Access, Grounds, Buildings, Rooms, Boarding and Home Regulations. All the needed appliances—Library, Apparatus, Cabinet, Herbarium, Art Models, Reading-room, Literary Society, Religious Exercises.

THE SAME ADVANTAGES FOR BOTH SEXES.  
LADIES BOARD IN A SEPARATE BUILDING UNDER THE CARE OF THE FACULTY.

CHARGES LOW. SCHOOL YEAR OPENS SEPTEMBER 5th.  
FOR CATALOGUES, ADDRESS  
**R. H. SKINNER, A. M.,**  
DOVER, DELAWARE.

## THE NEW MIDDLETOWN DRUG STORE.

The public will find at my new store,  
**No. 3 Town Hall, - MIDDLETOWN, DEL.**  
A complete and carefully selected stock of  
**PURE DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, SUNDRIES, &c.,**  
And, in fact, everything that is usually kept in a

## First-Class Drug Store.

My Prescription Department is under the immediate supervision of an experienced and practical Pharmacist.  
**F. C. WEST**  
Carefully compounded at all hours of the day or night.  
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"IN MEDICINE, QUALITY IS OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE."

## CHAMBERLAIN'S PHARMACY.

Main Street, opposite Middletown Hotel.  
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES, COMBS, ETC., PERFUMERY AND FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.  
A full line of all the Popular Patent Medicines of the day constantly on hand.

THE PURCHASING, COMPOUNDING AND DISPENSING

For the above establishment is under the direct supervision of Dr. G. G. Chamberlain, who has been connected with the drug business for the past thirty-five years, and may always be found at his store when not on his professional visits. mar25-ly.

## MIDDLETOWN DRUG STORE.

Barr's Old Stand. Established 1844.

## S. B. GINN, DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,  
Toilet and Fancy Articles, Fine Soaps, Brushes, Patent Medicines,  
And Druggists' Sundries Generally.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

Prescriptions and Family Recipes accurately compounded of Strictly Pure Medicines. jan5-41

FEED THE PLANT AND THE PLANT WILL FEED YOU.

THEN USE

BAUGH'S

## Raw Bone Super Phosphate.

Send for Circular showing Guaranteed Analysis.

BAUGH & SONS, Sole Manufacturers.

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SMEDLEY BROTHERS,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

Hats, Cape Furs, Straw Goods,

LADIES' HATS,

Ribbons, Millinery Goods, etc.

415 MARKET STREET,  
Jan 12-ly PHILADELPHIA.

### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

GABRIEL F. WHEELER.

Maud to Hugh.

Dear Cousin Hugh: I'm home again.

Among the dear old hills and vales;

The stormy music of the pines;

Comes rushing down on all the gates;

The blackbird's liquid melody;

Comes bubbling out from woody ways,

And all the sounds I hear but seem

An echo from the dear old days.

I've seen the sunsets burn and blush

Behind the dark wood, as of yore;

The morning lull and blossoms bright

O'er dusky purple heights; once more

I've walked the still, green lanes, between

The blossomed hedges, swept with dew;

But all the olden sights and sounds

Will, somehow, make me think of you.

So in the garden, quaint and sweet,

Beneath a tent of blue trees,

I write to you. All round I hear

The loons of countless "golden" pees.

This dear old garden, running wild,

Brings back a long lost sense of calm;

It seems a shadowy solitude

Of leaf and blossom, breeze and balm.

Just as he used, the catbird sings

Amid the laurel's emerald gleam;

With glow of vine and gleam of snow,

The roses spread in golden gleam.

'Twas here we played in Auld Lang Syne—

I want to see the picture now.

Of barefoot little boy and girl,

Their flaxen hair about their eyes.

Across the fields and pasture lands

I took a long walk, yesterday.

And came upon the old stone wall

Where, hours and hours, we used to play:

It stands, as long ago it stood.

The crickets chirp along the wood.

Their golden pitchers touch-note

Help for the time of summer days.

And the golden pitcher's velvet leaves

Shine daisy stars of tender blue.

I tread the old path, as of yore,

And thought upon the Long Ago.

Till memories, like rising tide,

Back on my heart began to flow.

With bare toes clinging to the stones

I seemed to see you climb the wall

To reach for me some berries bright.

While I lay there, you did not fall.

And once you helped me to the top—

Ah, what a dizzy height it seemed!

And so I stayed till twilight fell.

And of the past and future dreamed.

You know we met beside the sea.

Last year, I think, I told you that

I was weak and giddy then.

But now I'm wiser, graver grown.

The spell of childhood's loves and joys

Is on me now, oh, cousin, come!

And we'll revive the happy past.

Amid old scenes, dear Hugh, come home!

Hugh to Maud.

Dear Cousin Maud: Your letter came

To hand last night; how very kind

Of you to keep your cousin Hugh.

With other humbler things, in mind.

Yet how I wish you were here now.

You blushed at what you termed my ways.

But I'm not what you think I am.

They haven't minded since those days.

And when we walked alone one night,

And I reminded you of you.

Made long ago, you laughed at me.

And called my life-long hope absurd.

Oh, Cousin Maud, I can not come.

For I was married weeks ago.

And I think I rather stay at home.

—Chicago Tribune.

SOME EXPERIENCE AS A PRINT-ER'S DEVIL.

(Read by the Bold-headed Editor of the

Middletown Transcript before the Penin-sular Press Association, at Ocean City, August 19th.)

suspicion flashed through my mind:

Perhaps he may want me to do the

fighting for the establishment, and I so

young and inexperienced. Besides, I

was the only heir to a vast estate, and

if anything should happen to me, I

thought, it will be more than the estate

can stand. The estate to which I refer

was a vast landed estate. I never

came into possession of it. Another

man had one on top of it and always

refused to move it off. A great many

young men who often speak of their

vast estates are worried in this manner.

But to return to the editor: After

he had examined my credentials I was

turned over to the foreman. The fore-

man in a printing office is an august

personage—I may say an August and

September personage, if that will make

it any stronger. He towers a head or

two above all else in the office and

bows his will to none—unless he's

married. Next in importance to the

foreman in a country printing office is

the youngest journeyman, called

"jour," for short, otherwise known as

the "graduated devil." He always

instructs the new apprentice in the

mysteries of "the art preservative of

all arts," teaching him particularly

how to put ink on the type of the hand

press, with a ball roller, and also where

to carry the papers of the town sub-

scribers, which was the custom some

years ago.

The graduated devil who took me in

charge said he was going to be an editor

some day. He was cultivating a

bold head and had already written a

local beginning: "Yesterday our usual

quiet town was thrown into an in-

terense state of excitement, etc., etc.,

etc." He gave me the big ink roller,

and I never before saw a boy so glad

to part with anything. The parting of

a man from his mother-in-law is no

comparison to it. He almost wept

when he handed me the roller; and

when I felt the weight of it I almost

wept, too. I saw then what the editor

wanted with muscle. I said to myself,

"if this is the way newspapers are

printed I am an instrument of torture

called a hand-press, behind which I must

stand for five hours twice a week, dab

this roller in the ink, distribute it and

smead it on the types every time a

paper is printed." I told the gradu-

ated devil that he knew all about this

business of inkling type; he had been

doing it for some time and had got into

the hang of it; and I never was mean-

hands when he had got to like it. I

would do something else, I said: I

would fold papers, or edit the paper,

in fact, was ready to do anything that

came handy except ink the types. But I

was not averse from the work, but I

was not used to the smell of printer's

ink, and I was afraid it would make

me sick. But that being declined, I

never liked myself in any shade of

gray.

He linked her arm familiarly

through his. They had been friends

for years—this rich, handsome man,

who was twice Maud's age, but who,

for all his wealth, had never touched

the girl's heart.

"And I like you in anything, my

dear Maud. I have come to you to-

night purposely to ask you to be my

wife! My darling, am I to have that

great undeserved happiness? Can you

love me, little one, with the first, the

pure love of your girlish heart?" She

drew a quick little breath, then dropped

### NOBLY AVENGED.

Uncle Harry suddenly looked up from

his evening paper at the beautiful girl

standing besides the window, whisper-

ing to the canary, that fluttered its

gold-colored wings and reached its bill

for the lump of sugar she held for it.

"Maud, what was that young fel-

low's name who was down at Milton's

Hotel last summer—that handsome

young chap that used to come up here

of evenings and sing?"

Maud felt a little warm flush on her

face, and was conscious of a curious

little uneasiness in her voice as she

met the old gentleman's eyes.

"Malcolm Carlyn," she answered,

and it seemed that her voice caressed

the name—as only a woman's voice

can caress the name of the beloved—

while a brighter, more conscious flush

warmed her cheeks.

"Yes—Malcolm Carlyn! I thought

I recognized the name. He is married

isn't he?"

And, as if death had suddenly laid

his cold hand on her, the lovely flush

faded sharply, leaving her as white as

ever she would be when that icy touch

should come.

"Married? Married? It can't be

true. It must be some other Carlyn."

"She reached out for the paper, her

surprise, her dismay, in her eyes; but

it was very plainly recorded there—

"Malcolm Carlyn, of Forest Dale, to

Emilie Rose Lynton, daughter of

James Pitt Lynton, Esquire, of the

Laurels, Bristol, and she had heard

him speak of Miss Lynton many a

time.

Well, it was the first keen sorrow

of the girl's life, and she laid the paper

down, and went up to her room alone,

and cried, and sobbed, and writhed

with this cruelly murdered love, and

with the first love her girl's heart had

ever known—that was no less a pain to

her to endure that Malcolm Carlyn

had not in so many words told her he

loved her.

For, in a hundred ways, he had

shown her that she was dearest to him,

and she had—far from her maidenly

modesty—not entirely hidden her sweet

preference from him. And he had gone

away, leaving such beautiful hopes in

her heart, and now—

He was married!

Up in her room she had her first

fight with her fate; and when an hour

or two later, she came down into the

parlor again, she had silenced, con-

quered it—and Laurence Glyn, stepped

forward to meet her, thought he had

never seen her look so fair, and sweet,

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